

The Critic

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Style—a Fragment.

IF A WRITER does not bring a new thought, he must at least bring a new quality—he must give a fresh new flavor to the old thoughts. Style or quality will keep a man's work alive, whose thought is essentially commonplace, as is the case with Addison; and Arnold justly observes of the poet Gray that his gift of style doubles his force, and 'raises him to a rank beyond what his natural richness and power seem to warrant.'

There is the great repository of language upon which all men draw, the common inheritance of all scholars and cultivated men. To use this well is not enough: one must make it his own. Unless one can succeed in imparting to it his own quality, the stamp of his own personality, he will not be counted among the masters of style. There is the correct, conventional, respectable and scholarly use of language of the mass of writers, and there is the fresh, stimulating, quickening use of it of the man of genius. How apt and racy and telling is often the language of unlettered persons; the born writer carries this same gift into a higher sphere. There is a passage in one of Emerson's early letters, written when he was but twenty-four, and given by Mr. Cabot in his Memoir, which shows how clearly at that age Emerson discerned the secret of good writing and good preaching.

I preach half of every Sunday. When I attended church on the other half of a Sunday, and the image in the pulpit was all of clay, and not of tunable metal, I said to myself that if men would avoid that general language and general manner in which they strive to hide all that is peculiar, and would say only what is uppermost in their own minds, after their own individual manner, every man would be interesting. . . . But whatever properties a man of narrow intellect feels to be peculiar he studiously hides; he is ashamed or afraid of himself, and all his communications to men are unskilful plagiarisms from the common stock of thought and knowledge, and he is of course flat and tiresome.

The great mass of the writing and sermonizing of any age is mechanical; it is the result of the machinery of culture and of books and the schools, put into successful operation. But now and then a man appears whose writing is vital; his page may be homely, but it is alive; it is full of personal magnetism. The writer does not merely give us what he thinks or knows; he gives us himself. There is nothing secondary or artificial between himself and his reader. It is books of this kind that mankind do not willingly let die. Some minds are like an open fire; how direct and instant our communication with them; how they interest us; there are no curtains or disguises; we see and feel the vital play of their thought; we are face to face with their spirits. Indeed, all good literature, whether poetry or prose, is the open fire; there is directness, reality, charm; we get something at first-hand that warms and stimulates.

There is the real fire in Dr. Johnson's conversation as given by Boswell, but rarely in his essays. In conversation the real man spoke; in the essays, the formal writer, like a judge in his wig and gown. The huge mechanical or architectural style is often valuable for its results, as in Gibbon. Ruskin derides Gibbon's style; but what would be the value of 'The Decline and Fall' written in the wayward, personal and capricious style of Ruskin?—three parts Ruskin to one of Rome. Gibbon's work is like a solid piece of masonry, every block cut four-square and to fit its place, and no crevice or imperfect joint anywhere. How smooth and imposing his page is! The mind feels how his sentences are bound and locked together, and feels that here was a master workman.

The style of Ruskin belongs to a different man and a different time, and serves a different purpose. His writing is a sort of personal exhibition of himself—all his caprices and whims and follies in vital play before you. Mr. Stillman has lately pointed out in *The Century* some of his extravagances, some of the gorgeous curtains he hangs before the objects he describes; but at his best, these disappear. We do not, indeed, then see the object, so much as we see the writer. It is the whole man that speaks, not the tips of his fingers. His books, or sortings and siftings from them, will doubtless last; not by reason of their wisdom, like Bacon's Essays, but by reason of the quality of fresh individual genius which they hold. This is the salt that will save him, if anything does. Never was such an extravagant and unsound critic and guide, not only in art, but in science, in politics and in literature; but never was a more entertaining one. He is as 'weak as is a breaking wave,' and as full of motion and of pleasing effects.

In Arnold's books we touch the mind of the author as closely as in Ruskin, while at the same time we feel the force of the reason and commonsense. Arnold has probably written the clearest and most vital English of any contemporary British author. He stands in a fuller, stronger light than Froude; he is more steady and consecutive, more disinterested and consistent than Frederic Harrison or John Morley. Froude had a fine, steady, firmly-knit mind, a little too sombre, a little too much in shadow, but with never a false note in any page he has written. His style, at its best, is as flexible and genuine as Arnold's or Newman's, but not set in the same strong, open light. I think Arnold's style is more compact and penetrating than Newman's; it is not so much an outward and extraneous affair, but more a personal matter. Newman's is more stately, marches along in more sonorous periods, but is less vital and real. There is more empty comb in his hive than in Arnold's, faultless comb though it be. Indeed, there is often a suggestion of hollowness about Newman's flowing pages that never occurs to one in reading Arnold. Newman is a speaker, a preacher, and we miss in the writing something which we probably should not miss in the spoken discourse. This empty comb would be filled by the voice and presence of the speaker. Nothing can be more easy and lucid than his page, but it does not afford quite enough resistance to the mind; he does not put his thought to yours with quite enough vigor. Arnold, on the other hand, is preëminently a writer and not a speaker; his spoken discourse makes less impression than his printed essay. A thing to be heard must have a different focus from a thing to be read. That which reads well is more private, personal and near. One is easier pleased in public than in private: when he is with a multitude, he thinks and feels with the multitude; but in his own closet, things have a different look. Distance no longer lends enchantment. You have the gem in your hand now, and can see its real qualities.

The style of some of our philosophical writers is to say the least cumbrous and long-jointed. The style of Spencer suggests some huge apparatus. There is nothing personal or special in it; it is not Spencer himself—not the deftness of his hand, the clearness of his eye, the quickness of his touch, but some artificial appendage. It is like a patent reaper or planter, in which the man is lost sight of. But why should not a mechanical philosophy like his be set forth in a mechanical style? The style of that excellent philosophical historian Lecky is commonplace—has nothing fresh or individual about it; in fact, does not rise to the dignity of style at all. We value his thought, his conclusion; more valuable histories than his have probably not been produced during this half of the century; but the quality of his mind is not that which seeks to embalm itself in fresh literary forms. If this were not so, probably he would not be the lucid and impartial historian he is. A similar remark might be made of our historian Motley, whose style is a very ordinary vehicle, scarcely more characteristic than that of

the newspaper editorial, however valuable be the results which it conveys.

When the works of Lecky and Motley shall have been better done by some future historian, their books will be forgotten, because the savor of true literature is not there. Not so with such a writer as Carlyle. His histories have quality, and the flavor of his genius will keep them alive, however much his conclusions may be revised and advanced.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Reviews

"Dreams to Sell." *

If there were Dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang his bell,
What would you buy?

This bit from the 'Dream Pedlary' of Beddoes is the motto of a tiny book of poems bearing the familiar sign of the Ship; a little pack crowded, like that of Autolycus, with 'songs of all sizes, ribands of all the colors' the rainbow. One knows not whether to choose, of this airy merchandise, the sad or the merry dreams. Very captivating is the whimsical fun of the verses included under the head of 'Science'; especially the foreshadowing of that Nirvana when 'each individual soul will in a general Soul be blended.'

Then enmity will pale and pall:
We shall be brothers, more than brothers;
For if we are ourselves at all
We shall be also all the others.

* * * * *
Critics no longer we shall flee,
Nor care how base the things they say are.
They will be we, and we shall be
The Critics, just as much as they are.

How delightfully unexpected is the turn given to Wordsworth's lines, in the description of 'Education's Martyr':

Primroses by the river's brim
Dicotyledons were to him,
And they were nothing more!

Nevertheless, these caprices are but the mask of an underlying thoughtfulness. Our vender of dreams is a 'brave jester,' but not a shallow one. Inexpressibly droll, indeed, are the companion sketches in church of the Vicar's Daughters glassily regarding the free seats where

the strange Bohemians be
(Have mercy upon them, miserable offenders!),

and the Charity Child speculating as to the ligneous nature of these prim ladies. But there is a spring-like sadness in the picture of the Bluecoat Boy innocently yearning toward grey-eyed Beatrice in the Squire's pew; and the 'Legend of the Crossing-sweeper' mingles absurdity and pathos, and leaves one between a smile and a tear at its wistful close, where the confessedly 'wicked boy' imagines his pale benefactress receiving her probable heavenly reward:

Those crowns—if one could hang about
The gate, till all was done—
She'll stand in a white gown, no doubt,
With gold hair like the sun.
I'd like to see them given out,—
I'd never ask for one.

Grimly realistic is the 'Ballad of the Cadger,' the leering, discordant-voiced old seller of medals, ending his 'life of want and lies' with a last touch of hawk's cunning directed at the curate who prays for him. But we have yet given no hint of the wild charm of such poems as 'The Ship of Dreams' and 'The Ship of Death,' 'The Mermaid's Chapel,' the impression of the old boat lying stirless 'deep in a sandstrewn, fresh repose,' with the sea-bird's breast flashing above it and the salt wind blowing around its keel, waiting 'under the wide and windy sky' for the sailor who is asleep in his seaside grave. In still another class of poems, 'Lost Souls' and 'Morality' for instance, there is a deep and stern gravity. The ballad of the going 'into the sunless land' has singular power; and

* Dreams to Sell. By May Kendall. \$2. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

the intensity of truth is in 'The Tryst,' 'Goodbye,' and 'Heavily did the long years move.' The same note is struck in 'Sunset':

And now for the last cruise I go,
And on a lonely quest.
* * * * *
And ever stronger blows the wind,
And darker is the shore.
Oh, is it death that lies behind,
And life that lies before.
Goodbye for ever, love! and yet,
What may the darkness hide?
By sea or land, if we two met,
I should be satisfied.

"Palestine in the Time of Christ." *

WE WELCOME such books as this. The author is a Professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty in Paris, and a master of the literature contemporary with the origins of Christianity. He has read thoroughly the Hebrew, Greek and Latin authors, and makes his historical study without the slightest dogmatic or sectarian bias. He looks at the subject with the eye of the historian. The daily life and environment of Jesus is pictured, and for every morsel of statement we have the reference to text and page of authority. One half of this handsome book is taken up with fourteen chapters dealing with social life. Here we learn about home ways, dwellings, clothing, country life, science, justice, population, etc. In the most unconventional and untraditional style, Jesus is described for us. No 'tendency' as of Renan, Strauss, or Baur, is here visible; neither are the necessities of orthodox theology respected. The Son of Mary, one of the many Jews of the period, named Jesus, is a Jew with no better or worse education and advantages than thousands of other boys of Nazareth, the two Bethlehems, or other places in Galilee or Judah. In Part II., on the religious life, we have the schools, teachers, sects, parties, synagogues, temple, and festivals minutely but graphically described. An exceedingly valuable chapter is a critical study of the principal dates in the life of Jesus. In a final chapter on 'Jesus and the Preaching of the Gospel,' the author, as an historian, conclusively shows that Jesus was no mere product either of His nation or of His times or of His environment. His teaching resembled that of His contemporaries, but 'it had two new ideas in it.' The rabbinical teaching of His contemporaries was 'Keep the whole law, and look for a Messiah who is to reign on the earth.' Jesus taught: 'Men are to be saved by faith, and I, who am to be crucified, am the Messiah.'

The author sums up the results of his critical studies in this final sentence: 'In order to do away with Christianity, to make it an effete religion, this one thing is needed—that that one should come who should surpass Jesus, who should be greater than He. And this will never be. Hence we Christians dare to say that Christianity is eternal, that Christianity is the truth.' The book is handy, well printed and bound, and has two indexes—one of topics, and one of Scripture passages. The translation is by Annie Harwood Holmden. The Sunday-school teacher or minister who studies this book is not likely to be called a dull teacher.

Pierre Loti's New Novel, "Madame Chrysanthème." †

LITTLE less than a year ago, we read with delight Pierre Loti's 'Pêcheur d'Islande'—a true poem in prose, the most charming, the most tender and ideal of romances, fresh and fragrant as an oasis in the midst of the arid and glaring realism of modern French fiction. 'Madame Chrysanthème' is something more than a disappointment; it is almost a personal injury and grievance; for in everything that Pierre Loti has written, there has been a note of per-

* Palestine in the Time of Christ. By Edmond Spaffor, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co.

† Madame Chrysanthème. By Pierre Loti. Illustrated. Edition du Figaro. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

sonality, that awoke personality in return; a sentiment and sympathy breathed through the pages that made us conscious of the heart and brain behind them, and we felt drawn to their author as towards a friend. All the more unwelcome is the unpleasant confidence that he now makes us—the crude and vulgar episode of 'Madame Chrysanthème.'

To Anglo-Saxon minds the dedication of the book is rather a curious study. To a lady, Madame la Duchesse de Richelieu, Loti offers it in token of 'very respectful friendship'; with a little hesitation, it is true, he tells her, as the theme is not quite a correct one; but the expression is always guarded, and he begs her to look for no moral intention good or bad in the book, but to receive it with an indulgent smile as she would receive an odd bit of china, a grotesque carving, a curio from the land of curios. It is the journal of a summer of his life, he goes on to say, in which he has changed nothing, not even the dates. Although the longest rôle is apparently given to Madame Chrysanthème, the three principal personages are in reality himself, Japan and the effect produced upon him by that country. Dismissing therefore the Japanese heroine—and also the French hero, who is not one whit more distinguished—let us consider only Japan, that unfolds itself like the panels of a screen; with the bizarre yet conventional traits of its scenery, rocks rising unexpectedly by the side of gentle grassy hillocks, clumps of trees arranged with the same studied and precise grace as we see on lacquer trays, and mysterious little pagodas, perched high aloft and half hidden in the leafy thicket—the abode of unknown and incomprehensible gods. We have Nagasaki, crowded between the bay and the deep green overhanging mountain—the old town with its labyrinth of narrow streets, its queer little houses of wood and paper, its shops open to the streets, no matter what is displayed in them, from the finest gold lacquer and frail porcelain to old kettles, dried fish and rags, and the shopkeepers seated with bare legs in the midst of their precious or worthless trinkets. Din, bustle, traffic everywhere. No horses, no carriages, only little chariots drawn by runners, called 'djins.' No men, indeed, nor women either, he would have us believe; only painted dolls, marionettes, and mannikins. At night, the lanterns, myriads of them, rosy-red, moving, and many-colored—the whole scene (bay and shore) illuminated by them as if by enchantment; a light in each little hut, each summer-house, and temple-grove upon the mountain sides that rise like a vast amphitheatre to dizzy heights. And always, and everywhere, by day and night, the grasshoppers' song, like a crystal vibration resounding from every side—the eternal voice of the land.

But glowing and vivid as the canvas is, we do not feel that Pierre Loti is at his best even here; for it is only a canvas that he spreads before us. There is no body, and above all no soul, to the picture. In all Japan, he tells us, and in the little men and women who inhabit it, something essential, he knows not what, is lacking. It may be the merit of the book that he makes us feel this want. All the same, we are not quite convinced. We have too profound a mistrust of Pierre Loti's methods of research and investigation, in this case, to accept his conclusions, and to feel justified in declaring with him that all Japan and the Japanese 'were created in jest.'

"For the Right." *

THIS is one of the first issues in the new blue-covered form of the Franklin Square Library. It has a preface by George MacDonald, who gives to the book exceedingly high praise. It is a story of suffering, oppression, and revolt in the Carpathian mountains; and it is certainly interesting, though it is a pity that the action is so slow as to seem tedious, when the fierceness of the subject ought to make it move with more than usual rapidity. At the time the hero makes his final decision and appeals to the villagers, one is quite worn

out with the slowness of his coming to the point. As the record of a poor man, without education or stimulus, who lived heroically from pure love 'for the right,' the book is a little remarkable, inasmuch as it dares to show how some love for right shows itself in objectionable, even wrong, methods. Taras himself feels at last that he has made errors in judgment and belief, even while he has the sustaining consciousness of having at least been true to what he did believe. The book is therefore unique in its concession that, even while admiring an honest and righteous man, ready to sacrifice all things 'for the right,' it may be sometimes seen that such a man is at fault in his thoughts and methods, and not a blessing or a guide to his fellowmen. 'It is hard to say,' declared Bulwer, 'who do us the most harm in life: enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.' Taras is, in short, a sort of John Brown: noble, enthusiastic in a good cause, ready to give up all to help his fellowmen, and yet actually blameworthy in the ways by which he attempts to elevate his fellows.

Stung by political injustice, he retires to the mountains and becomes, 'not a brigand,' he fiercely asserts, 'but the leader of a band of avengers.' Yet, for all practical purposes, he and his men are brigands; and he does not hesitate, in the might of his self-confidence, to judge everything and everybody, and even to commit murder for the righting of a wrong. He comes to see the error of his ways, and having banded his men together for a certain purpose, immediately deserts them and gives himself up to justice, when convinced that his is a mistaken zeal. With all this terrible conscientiousness, one is conscious of a great flaw in Taras's nature. Of such men as John Brown and he, it can only be said that what they did could never be pardoned except for what they were. Such are not the men of whom true heroes are made, and the most you can say for them, is that, on the whole, considering their good intentions, we should forgive them.

Mr. Stillman "On the Track of Ulysses." *

FROM the Riverside Press, with wide-margined folio pages, large type, illustrations from *The Century*, bevelled binding of gold and olive, Mr. Stillman's story of wanderings in the track of Ulysses comes in most attractive guise. It was a labor of love for this passionate student of classic art to roam from island to island of the blue Mediterranean, in order to look on what the happy-hearted Greek traveller saw. The Odyssey, which the author felicitously calls 'the first history of travel' and 'the first book of geography' was studied in detail both in college days and later years. The Iliad—'the census of the known mankind of that epoch'—was likewise given to head and heart. Then this son of Schenectady and graduate of Union College set forth from America's 'ancient city,' long ago 'finished' and placid, to still older places; withal, to discover, if possible, some unnoticed relics of 'art of the oldest and noblest.' Fortunately able to sketch, and equipped with photographic apparatus, he has set the old story in the light of the texts of the past, and the spade of to-day. How well he tells his story, readers of *The Century* know. The second paper, rich in style and scholarship, treats of the 'Odyssey: its Epoch and Geography.' In the last, on 'The So-called Venus of Melos,' Mr. Stillman ventures the theory that the marble lady without arms is a *Venus victrix*, and that her hands if restored would be found holding and inscribing a tablet of victory. Nearly forty-five illustrations adorn the book. To the lover of the deathless charms of Greek art and classic story, this book is a rare treat. It is fitly dedicated to the literary editor of *The Nation*, Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison. We have often, in passing a certain church door in a town in the Mohawk Valley, paused to admire a superb piece of iron work done simply with hammer and anvil, and worthy of a Cellini. In the literary work of the art-loving son of an

* For the Right. By Karl Emil Franzos. Translated by Julie Sutter. 30 cts. New York: Harper's Franklin Square Library.

* On the Track of Ulysses. By Wm. J. Stillman. Illustrated. \$4. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

art-loving father who adorned and dignified his craft, we see heredity of talent as well as honesty of workmanship.

More "Georgia Scenes."*

WE ARE GLAD to have Col. Johnston's short stories collected in this comfortable volume and bound in permanent form. They deserve a better fate than usually befalls their short-breathed brethren, because they are full of humor and tenderness, give evidence of real knowledge and sympathy, and preserve for the historian many amiable traits, customs, and expressions which would have perished without recall but for Col. Johnston's shrewd and genial eye. The dialect in which the stories are written is most unlovely and inharmonious: it is a mixture of 'nigger' and 'cracker'; and yet, if our own experience of Georgia latitudes be correct, it reproduces to the life the speech of the long-faced, yellow-skinned, sun-bonneted, jeans-clad race that lived and thrived in those regions just 'befo' the wah.' The homely loves and sorrows of these people revive in these photographic pages, embellished with a halo of fun and touched off, at times, with rare skill. The titles of the stories are the least felicitous part of them, being often long and cumbersome. Col. Johnston's range is limited: it takes a George Eliot to lift dialect up to the plane of Shakspeare; but within that range he presents us with many choice portraits, albeit occasionally the story is too short to contain the numerous elements of comedy and tragedy crowded into it. Such is the case with 'Martha Reid's Lovers.' The varied talent of these new 'Georgia Scenes' can be brought out only by a skilful *vivâ voce* reading, true in feeling as well as faithful to the dialect.

Minor Notices.

MR. ROBERT LUCE, one of the editors of *The Writer*, issues through the Writer Publishing Co. of Boston a second edition, revised and enlarged, of a pamphlet on 'Writing for the Press.' It is what it claims to be—a manual for editors, reporters, correspondents and printers, full of sound advice and practical suggestions. It is intended, of course, for beginners rather than 'old hands.'—DR. FLAVEL S. THOMAS publishes through C. W. Bardeen of Syracuse a very useful little pamphlet on 'University Degrees,' telling 'what they mean, what they indicate and how to use them'—a subject on which there is a prodigious amount of ignorance.—J. S. OGILVIE has compiled in a small pamphlet 'Seven Hundred Album Verses,' original and selected. They are published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York; and the general character of the work may be judged by a single quotation taken at random: 'May these flowers, presented on your birthday, be emblematical of the purity of your life.'—THE SCHOOL ALBUM is a collection of little songs for primary schools, arranged by H. W. Fairbank, with words by Minnie B. Lowry. (Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co.) They are simple and bright; and a few songs for older children are given at the close.

THE OUTWARD form of Mr. Edwin Hodder's 'Life of Samuel Morley' (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), at once prepossesses the reader in its favor. The large clearly-impressed type, the shapely page, the untrimmed edges, and the admirable etching by Manesse, combine to make one of the handsomest books of the season. Its twenty-three chapters present, in clear and readable fashion, an attractive and somewhat helpful picture of a noted Parliamentarian, philanthropist, defender of the rights of Nonconformists against bigotry in the Church of England, and broadminded and successful man of business. Mr. Hodder undertook his task at the request of Mr. Morley's family, and completed it in the year 1887. His volume calls for the same criticism made in these columns upon his too-voluminous life of the Earl of Shaftesbury: it is lacking in sense of proportion, and in any real estimate of the rank and achievements of its subject. Mr. Hodder is an indiscriminate eulogist, not a biographer. We do not ask that the kindly *de mortuis* maxim be reversed in our more critical times; but readers may properly demand of their biographical bookmakers some means of forming opinions of lasting value, and some small sense of perspective.—MILDRED RUSSELL'S LETTERS is a reprint, in pamphlet form (Richmond: J. W. Randolph & English), of European correspondence which appeared

* Mr. Abalom Billingslea, and Other Georgia Folk. By R. M. Johnston. With illustrations. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Bros.

originally in the columns of the Richmond *Dispatch*. It is pleasantly written, clear, simple, and direct in its general allusions to the necessary efforts and inevitable enjoyments of the general sightseer, and gives an attractive record of purely personal experiences, such as an account of ptarmigan shooting in Scotland.

'THE BIDDY CLUB' (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a wiser and more suggestive little book than its title and a few of the airy opening chapters would imply. We suspect that the author is a lady, in spite of the name Griffith A. Nicholas on the title-page, and she is one of those who we wish could be persuaded to trust to the excellence of their earnestness, without attempting to relieve it by somewhat heavy drollery. The book deals with much besides the servant question, indeed with almost all the ways of a household, and is really helpful when it does not attempt to be funny. A series of 'good resolutions' at the end of the book sums up the matter, and will make every mistress thoughtful about her own duty to her servants. The author has apparently read some of Mrs. Rollins's articles on the servant question, as she seems to quote from her at times; and she is justly of the opinion that while some women never have trouble with servants, all women might have a good deal less than they do have, by a little thoughtfulness. Some parts of the book are exceedingly good. We commend particularly the brief comment on the false note in George Eliot's much-admired story of Amos Barton. Another suggestive sermon is that on the text of every wife's being her husband's business partner, entitled to a share in his profits as her own earning. The author gives a word of encouragement to the fond mother tortured with remorse for having spoken harshly to her little boy when she didn't mean it.

CHAP. XII. of Vol. II. of the Ruskin Autobiography (John Wiley & Sons) is a mere *larva* of a chapter, hardly worth the paper it is printed on. 'Præterita' is dwindling and spindling out to nothing. Even gold can become fine-spun to where it 'turns the corner' of the invisible; even spun sugar loses its delectability when drawn out to this length. Mr. Ruskin entitles this slice of himself 'Otterburn,' and opens with the following burst of harmony:—'In blaming myself as often as I have done, and may have occasion to do again, for my want of affection for other people, I must also express continually, as I think back upon it, more and more wonder that ever anybody had any affection for me. I thought they might as well have got fond of a *camera lucida* or an ivory foot-rule: all my faculty was merely in showing that such and such things were so; I was no orator, no actor, no painter but in a minute and generally invisible manner; and I couldn't bear being interrupted in anything I was about. . . . Nevertheless, some sensible grown-up people *did* get to like me!—the best of them with a protective feeling that I wanted guidance no less than sympathy; and the higher religious souls hoping to lead me to the Golden Gates.' One of these 'sensible grown-up people' who 'got to like' Mr. Ruskin was the genial Dr. John Brown of 'Rab and His Friends,' to whom, and what he calls up, this chapter is flutingly dedicated. It is only a pity that Mr. Ruskin, who couldn't bear to be interrupted in anything he was about, should interrupt himself so often, and fly off at every possible tangent that offers itself. Thus, Dr. John Brown is no sooner mentioned with *fanfaron* and trumpet-flourish than he disappears as mysteriously as a Wagner stage-effect, 'interrupted' by a long and not 'ower' pertinent characterization of Carlyle, followed by a huge rasher of 'Guy Mannering.' Of Dr. John Brown we get almost nothing. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum!*

Recent Fiction.

'THE ANGEL OF THE VILLAGE' (Cupples & Hurd) is a translation by Mrs. Matthews from the German of L. M. Ohern. There is something strong and pleasing in the style, as a story of working-men's troubles in a little German village, in spite of an impression that the book after all is one of literary sorrows, worked up from the imagination of a writer who sympathizes with the poor. There is a great deal of sensational incident, and it must be confessed that the 'Angel' hardly appears often enough to give anything but a little flavor of romance to the story. None the less, the character-drawing of three or four men strong in very different ways is excellent; and the book leaves one impressed with the sufferings and wrongs of the working-classes, which is, after all, the main test for a book of the kind, especially as it by no means ignores the folly, the weakness, and the trying inconsistencies of the workingmen themselves.

'ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS' (Longmans, Green & Co.) is a captivating title; and the name of David Christie Murray, connected with that of Henry Herman as the author, is another guarantee that we shall find the book worth reading. We are not quite

sure what to expect. Of course, the title must refer to 'the bourne from which no traveller returns'; but whether to expect a thrilling ghost-story, intellectually clever, or a spiritual romance full of sentimental conviction, or a light and airy burlesque, one does not quite know. It proves to be the entirely unexpected: an imaginative, highly poetic, projection of the authors backward, so to speak, to the time of the first conflict between the Druids and the Christians; reproducing a great deal of historical local color with remarkably vivid imaginative power, and touching upon the great problem what certain souls would be likely to do if they could return to the scene of their sufferings and their mistakes. Vreda, the Christian queen, dies from poison, and returns to the flesh, to forgive in such a manner as to teach the sinner to repent. The book is, first of all, picturesque: the reader feels the situations, as well as sees them. A certain cold restraint in the style only makes you conscious what fires would leap forth if the restraint were for a moment removed. The tale is certainly powerful; and however unrealistic, its dramatic quality is highly imaginative.

The Magazines.

THE new weekly, *Garden and Forest*, makes a vigorous start in life, and promises to flourish like a green bay tree. In the first number Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer argues strongly for the recognition of landscape-gardening as a fine art, of equal importance with sculpture, painting and architecture. There is, next, an article on 'Floriculture in the United States,' by Peter Henderson; good advice about lawn-making, by W. J. Beal; an illustrated description of a new Japanese chrysanthemum (named in honor of Mrs. Alpheus Hardy), bearing resin-secreting hairs on the outer surface of the petals; and a photo-engraving of a piece of so-called artificial water, which looks much too picturesque to be quite artificial, and which we find, on reading the accompanying article, to have been produced by simply cleaning out and damming a swamp, instead of draining it. Not much space is given in this first number to forestry—though the distinguished name of Francis Parkman is signed to an appeal for the preservation of 'The Forests of the White Mountains.' We learn from the column which is devoted to 'The Flower Market' that there is a glut of flowers in New York, that the demand for orchids is steadily growing in Philadelphia, and that smilax is fifty cents a string in Boston. The publishers promise with the second number a photogravure of Mr. A. St. Gaudens's bronze medallion of Prof. Gray, who was to have been a leading contributor to the new paper, and of whom the opening article in the first number is *in memoriam*.

The most thrilling war paper of all appears in this month's *Century*. No reader will be too tired of the War to take up with intense interest Capt. Moran's account of 'Col. Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison' and the famous escape of the 109 Union prisoners. The story is told with perfect simplicity and clearness, but it is one that gains in impressiveness from an unvarnished statement of the facts; and even Mr. Kennan's forceful Russian papers must for once pale their ineffectual fires before this rendering of political suffering nearer home. The Lincoln history has the spirited title for this instalment of 'The Call to Arms,' but the literary movement is slow for an active reader. The Rev. T. T. Munger writes of 'Immigration by Passport,' with a dread foreboding of the danger we are in from our present unlimited hospitality as a nation. John Bigelow describes 'Franklin's Home and Host in France'; and there is an anonymous article on Bismarck, with two portraits. Albert M. Bagby, who will be remembered as giving once before some pleasant recollections of the Lisztianer, writes again, and acceptably, of 'Some Pupils of Liszt,' Miss Aus der Ohe being the one most familiar and interesting to New Yorkers. Mr. Roosevelt gives us more of his 'Home Ranch,' and the spirited picture by Remington of 'A Bucking Bronco' is, as the newspapers are wont to say, 'alone worth the price of the number.' Mrs. Van Rensselaer's Cathedral for March is Salisbury, of which she says, 'Nowhere else does a work of Christian architecture so express purity and repose and the beauty of holiness.' A pleasant feature of Dr. Eggleston's serial (in which, by the way, Abraham Lincoln is introduced) is its illustration by his daughter, whose drawings are full of feeling and comprehension of the spirit of the story. But the most charming fiction of the number is Helen Gray Cone's story of 'Hercules, a Hero.' Here we have the keen comment on scenes from humble life which adds a tenfold zest to even the cleverest photograph.

The *Journal of Morphology*, edited by C. O. Whitman, Director of the Lake Laboratory at Milwaukee, and published in Boston by Ginn & Co., is devoted chiefly to what may be styled the more recondite branches of zoological science—or, as stated in the Introduction, to 'embryological, anatomical, and histological subjects.' The first number—a handsome octavo volume of 226 pages, well

printed and expensively illustrated—contains articles by Profs. Ramsay Wright, J. S. Kingsley and E. B. Wilson, Dr. G. Baur, and the editor and his assistants, all displaying much original research, as well as familiarity with the best authorities on the subjects discussed. It is hardly necessary to add that the *Journal* takes a place at once in the first rank of scientific periodicals.—The *Illustrated Sydney News* publishes a centennial number which gives a sketch of the history of New South Wales and a glowing account of the present prosperity of the Colony. It is very fully illustrated with by no means bad woodcuts and photo-engravings. Some of the changes shown by these as having occurred within thirty years could hardly be matched by our quickest-growing Western cities. The principal cut is a large four-page bird's-eye view of Sidney in 1888, in which the artist has filled every available blank with smoke from steam-tugs and factory chimneys.

'Permanent Republican Clubs' are the theme of a symposium in the current *North American*, in which twenty-two politicians of local or national reputation make known their views. President Foster of the National League regards such a congeries of clubs as that of which he is the head, as better adapted to the present needs of the Republican party than to those of 'any other body or at any other time.' Its function is, according to Mr. Wm. Walter Phelps, to gather and distribute 'Republican truths.' In 'Judas the Iscariot,' Mr. Moncure D. Conway makes a plea for the possible good in the man which is not marked by what he calls the 'audacity and Christianized cynicism' of Disraeli's championship of the betrayer. Mr. Carnegie's paper on the cessation of monthly payments of the national debt, owing to Mr. Fairchild's objection to purchase bonds with the surplus revenues without special authority from Congress, makes a somewhat belated appearance. Other contributors to the number are Gail Hamilton, Col. Ingersoll, Murat Halstead and Edmund Kirke. Announcement is made on the cover of a forthcoming criticism by Mr. Gladstone of what the publisher advertises as the 'religious opinions of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.'

The opening article in *Outing* is an elaborate one on the evolution of college football, by R. M. Hodge, Jr., of the Princeton F. C. of this year. 'The Grande Chartreuse,' always interesting from its association with Matthew Arnold's poem, is described by A. E. Rodd. Gen. Marcy's hunting in the West deals this time with the feline animals of the continent. Cross-country riding in Ireland, Texan adventures with pirates, game preserving in Louisiana, the grizzly up in the Arctic regions, with other exciting episodes of equally varied character, fill the number.—In *The Overland*, Irving M. Scott describes the difficulties in raising the iron four-masted ship Earl of Dalhousie from the bottom of San Francisco Bay where she sank in 1885. Horace Davis takes up the familiar theme of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and believes that they are realistic revelations of the poet's life. We have a great deal more by more than one writer about the California pioneers, who seem to be quite as numerous as our Eastern comers-over in the Mayflower. F. L. Clarke describes the recent Revolution in the Sandwich islands, and there are many stories.

The March *Popular Science Monthly* contains the usual supply of solid reading. Francis Speir, Jr., writes of unconscious cerebration, basing his article on the replies to a series of questions which he sent out. Prof. G. A. Daubrée has much to say about 'Underground Waters as Social Factors.' William H. Larrabee gives us some 'Glimpses at Darwin's Working Life'; Hon. Ralph Abercrombie an article on 'Weather-Prognostics'; and Hon. David A. Wells one on 'The Economic Outlook.' There is a memoir and portrait of Henry Bradford Nason.—C. Roach Smith has an interesting article in the February *Antiquary* on the discoveries of monumental tablets in the Roman walls of Chester. H. M. Westropp writes of finger-rings, mostly Egyptian; Henry P. Maskell of Emanuel Hospital, and C. A. Ward of the London homes of Doctor Johnson. Mr. Dixon's articles on Thaxted are brought to a conclusion. Several of the articles mentioned are illustrated. The *Antiquary's* Note-book has an account of an ingenious whistling language used as a substitute for the telephone on one of the Canary Islands.

The "Crisis in Triolets."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

MR. STEDMAN'S good-humored reply about a 'Crisis in Triolets' shows me that we both mean much the same thing. I am the last person to deny that 'the Crisis is with us,' or that we deserve the visitation. I only doubt if crises, or anything else, will make poets out of poetasters; and Mr.

Stedman evidently agrees with me. But it would be a pity to suppose, either that most ballade-mongers fancy themselves poets, or that a good ballade may not still be written, by the right man,—or woman. It is time, however, to turn off the tap of middling and bad ballades. As to crises, I don't know what Mr. Wendell Phillips prophesied, but I am sure that the English race,—on the west side of the Atlantic, at least,—can take very good care of themselves.

I MARLOES ROAD, KENSINGTON, W.,
LONDON, Feb. 17, 1888.

A. LANG.

The Fine Arts

French and Dutch Paintings at Edinburgh.*

THOSE who have followed the European art movement at all closely do not need to be told that, in painting, at any rate, French methods and French aims have long exerted a powerful influence on Scotch artists; the result being that Scottish painters, as a body, occupy a much higher technical plane than their more numerous but less disciplined southern brothers of the brush. It may be on this account that Mr. William Ernest Henley, in his admirable Note on Romanticism, prefixed to the magnificent Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection of the Edinburgh International Exhibition of 1886, tries to show that Scotland has paid in advance for this artistic education. Mr. Henley, himself, seems to have learned much from reading the better sort of French criticism. His essay has that clearness of tone, that precision and lightness of touch which we are accustomed to look upon as peculiarly Gallic qualities. But it also shows somewhat of the Gallic cleverness in making the lesser seem the greater thing. Thus, the credit of directing if not of generating the great force known as Romanticism is given, after Napoleon, to Scott and Byron. Goethe and Schiller are given third place, because they have been less openly made use of by French poets and painters, and because the Scotch bards were known to Frenchmen through translations earlier. It does not seem to occur to Mr. Henley that Scott and Byron were milk for babes to the generation which Germany afterward supplied with strong meat. But the essay is an excellent one; the best, we should say, that has appeared on the subject in the English language.

Of most of the shorter notices of individual painters by the same writer, much the same thing may be said. They are written out of a full acquaintance and, what is more, a full appreciation of the men and their work. The critic does not hesitate to speak out either in praise or in blame. Of Courbet he writes: 'He had a strong grain of vulgarity. In Millet there were none of the bad qualities of the peasant: there were few of the good ones in Courbet.' Of Delacroix he says that though his literary imagination may not be human and sound enough to withstand the touch of time, of his plastic endowment there can be no such doubt—a view the reverse of that usually taken, and much better founded. Millet he lifts 'to the neighborhood of Michel Angelo and Beethoven.' With his conclusion that the Dutch painters of to-day are the true heirs and successors of the great Romanticists, we must disagree. With such Scotchmen as Orchardson and David Law, and with some of our own painters, they but continue a passing phase. The true heirs are to be sought for among the 'young discoverers of the blue shadow,' whose importance he does not seem to understand.

Of the illustration and make-up of the Catalogue we have already given our impression, derived from the specimen prospectus. With the complete work before us we must again testify our admiration of the etchings by Hole, Zilcken and Blommers, and of the numerous and extremely clever pen drawings, apparently by the same artists, printed in the text. In the short descriptions of the pictures, one may meet with an occasional sample of French as she is traduced, like

the following from the note on Millet's 'Wood-Sawyers': 'The general scheme is one of brown and green, in which the blue of the foremost sawyer's trousers explodes with a certain violence.'

Art Notes

THE WATER-COLORS of Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson and the oil-paintings of Mr. Kruseman Van Elten, shown at the American Art Galleries, March 13th, and to be sold March 19th to 23d, constitute an unusually good display of American art, uninfluenced, or very little influenced, by foreign models. Mr. Gibson is best known as a designer of dainty vignettes and a conscientious student of plant life; but his drawings now exhibited show him to be at the same time a student of nature in her broader aspects. He knows, too, how to vary his technique with his subject, dashing in a transient effect of mist, or storm, or sunshine with a vigor which would hardly be expected of the same man who drew the studies of fungi and wild flowers in another room. Mr. Van Elten shows no such great range, being apparently contented to reproduce on canvas effects which can be thoroughly studied from nature and afterwards composed and worked up in the studio. This, however, includes a sufficiently wide range of river, mountain and woodland scenery in their ordinary aspects. The new and the old school of purely American landscape painting can seldom be so well studied together as at this exhibition.

—There is said to have been an increase thus far this year in the number of paintings—good ones, too—submitted for exhibition at the spring opening of the Academy of Design. It is to be hoped, however, that the committee of selection will maintain at least as high a standard as last year. If this be done, there will be no danger of the walls being overcrowded. Mr. Sargent will be unable to show his portrait of Mrs. Henry G. Marquand. This, and his Mrs. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, would have attracted general attention.

—A number of paintings by Geo. Henry Hall were sold at the Fifth Avenue Galleries on Tuesday evening. Among them were figures, heads, fruit, flowers, and landscapes; an old copy (Sixteenth Century) of the 'Danaë' of Titian, from the original in the Museum of Naples; and copies by Mr. Hall himself from Rubens and other old masters.

—'It is understood,' says the *Tribune*, 'that Mr. F. A. Bridgman has found it impossible to finish certain important pictures in time for the proposed exhibition of his works at the American Art Galleries, and the exhibition is therefore postponed until next year.'

—Well-known buyers attended the sale of the paintings of Jervis McEntee at the Fifth Avenue Galleries last week, and \$6375 was paid for the seventy-five works disposed of. The highest price paid for any one canvas was \$350 for 'Fickle Skies of Autumn,' bought for the Century Club by Mr. Avery. Other paintings sold were 'Winter Morning' (\$220), 'Sundown—Winter' (\$225), 'Morning on the Delaware' (\$200), 'Plains of the Humboldt' (\$215), 'Christmas Eve' (\$200), 'The Kaatskills in Winter' (\$200), 'The Eastern Sky at Sunset' (\$210), and 'Autumn Fields' (\$290).

—Mr. Robert Koehler has been unable to secure united action on the part of the artists in getting up an American art exhibit for the International Exhibition at Munich this year. It is hoped that American painters will be well represented at the Glasgow International Exhibition, which is to close in October.

—On Wednesday of last week, besides the books, engravings and vellum manuscripts knocked down to the highest bidders at the sale of the Escosura collection at the Bucken gallery, forty-one paintings by Señor Escosura himself were sold for \$29,145. The following partial list will show the highest prices paid for individual pictures: 'Court of the Cardinal,' \$4300; 'Pillage of the Chateau,' \$3150; 'Discussion of the Dowry,' \$2850; 'The Abdication,' \$1900; 'Feast of the Heiress,' \$1800; 'Salon during the Time of Louis XII. of France,' \$1800; 'The Emperor Charles V.,' \$1500; 'The Crown of Emeralds,' \$950; 'The Lectures of the Marquis,' and 'The Honeymoon,' each \$800. On Thursday evening the 'old masters' were disposed of at prices which would have astonished the painters themselves (assuming that they were the work of the hands to which they were attributed), but which caused less astonishment to persons in attendance on the sale. Some of them were, however, paintings of great merit, no matter by whom executed. Here are some of the prices: Leonardo DaVinci, 'Madonna,' \$750; Rubens, 'Shepherdess,' \$400; Velasquez, 'Head of a Woman,' \$330; Joshua Reynolds, 'Little Shepherd Guarding his Sheep,' \$600. Raphael's 'St. George Conquering the Devil' was not sold, as the auctioneer announced that an offer had been cabled from Paris, and the picture would be withdrawn unless a bid of \$8000 was received. The total receipts from the sale of the Escosura collection were \$108,526.50.

* Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection of Paintings at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886. Edited by W. E. Henley. With illustrations. 2s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable.

International Copyright.

CHARLES W. THOMAS, of Belleville, Ill., writes to us as follows:

Will you permit a confused Philistine to ask why it is that the scholarly President of the American Copyright League is found combatting, in a political address, the principle of protection to American labor in general, and simultaneously discovered urging, in his official capacity, protection to one particular kind of that labor? Is it true, as has been suspected, that the 'literary feller' holds himself to be outside the operation of the rule that binds most men to consistency? and does the League imagine that its cause is strengthened by the fact that three-fourths of its members would deny to others what they ask for themselves?

Mr. Lowell is guilty of no other inconsistency than that of the free-trader who should 'protect' a fellow-traveler attacked by highwaymen. 'Protection,' in its technical, political sense, is the encouragement offered to home industries by the imposition of a duty upon foreign-made articles of the same kind as those to which this encouragement is given. What Mr. Lowell asks, as President of the Copyright League, is not that American authors shall be guarded against the competition of goods on which no duty is paid, but of goods for which *nothing at all* is paid by the American importer. As a free-trader, he does not ask that American importers shall be allowed to seize foreign-made goods without paying the owner or maker anything for them (which is what the American reprinters of foreign books now do), but that they shall be allowed to buy them, at the regular market price, and bring them into the United States without paying an additional sum for the privilege of doing so. If he asked that all articles of foreign manufacture, *except books*, should be admitted duty-free to American ports, he would be guilty of the grossest inconsistency; but we are very sure that he has never made such a suggestion as this, and what is more, that he never will. As a free-trader, he has to deal with a question of politics, of public policy; as an advocate of International Copyright, he has to do with another matter—a simple question of honesty.

The Senate Committee on Patents gave a hearing last Friday to persons interested in the passage of the Chace bill for International Copyright. This bill, as well as the Hawley, was under consideration by the same Committee two years ago, when Mr. Lowell and others appeared in support of the latter measure, which was opposed by Mr. Gardner Hubbard of the Bell Telephone and representatives of the typographical unions. The Chace bill, as modified in accordance with the suggestions of authors, publishers and printers, was strongly endorsed at the hearing last week by Mr. E. C. Stedman (Vice-President), Mr. George W. Green (Secretary and Counsel), and Dr. Edward Eggleston, of the American Copyright League; Mr. Dana Estes (Secretary) and Mr. Elder, of the International Copyright League, of Boston; Mr. George Haven Putnam (Secretary), and representatives of the Appletons and Lippincotts, in behalf of the Publishers' Copyright League; Sherman Cummins of New York, and Messrs. James Welch and George Chance of Philadelphia, in behalf of the typesetters; Mr. Michael Cockran, of the Cambridge Riverside Press, and others representing the Pressmen's Association; and D. D. Merrill for the retail book trade.

Mr. Stedman argued that the flood of 'low down' Continental literature crowds out the works of American authors by its dishonest cheapness, and demoralizes the taste of American readers. The cost of books would not be increased by the restriction on foreign publications, for the American works would reach much larger sales, and the increased demand for them would reduce the price. In Mr. Stedman's judgment, 'Good, wholesome, home-made bread was better for Americans than French rolls or English muffins.' Dr. Eggleston declares that every civilized country in the world except one gave more generous protection to its authors than the United States, where literary workmen

are left in a position identical with that of dry-goods merchants selling in competition with smuggled silks. Mr. Putnam demonstrated that the present system is decreasing the number of books published in America, and not cheapening good books. In Germany works on popular sciences sell for one mark or twenty-five cents, and the proposed legislation would tend to a like cheapening of good books in this country. It would also increase the number of books published.

Hitherto there has been no harmony among the classes interested in International Copyright, but last week's hearing showed that the mechanical element, which has thus far urged most objections, was in line with the authors and publishers. Mr. Cockran, in behalf of the pressmen, showed the inferiority of the foreign plates used in producing cheap American editions. Messrs. Cummins, Welch and Chance urged that the proposed legislation was heartily commended by the Typographical Union which they represented, as it was considered a means of extending the work of American publication. Mr. Gardner Hubbard opposed the proposed measure, urging that it would raise the price of books and was designed for that purpose. But such arguments are beginning to lose their force in the face of repeated assurances to the contrary by persons competent to speak.

The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* puts the case clearly in the following editorial paragraph:

The copyright question still agitates the minds of sensitive people who think that brain-work should be protected. Meanwhile the opportunities that our publishers enjoy for selling the works of foreign authors without cost, make the profession of literature in this country exceedingly precarious, and the few American writers who represent our national literature are robbed of the chance of deriving profit from their work in foreign lands. It is well enough for publishers to say that if we steal foreign literature, foreigners steal our literature. Such *tu quoque* argument may satisfy publishers, but it cannot satisfy authors on either side of the ocean; and, after all, it would seem that writers of books deserve at least as large a share of consideration at the hands of our lawmakers as do publishers of books. We are protecting all sorts of national industries, but we are leaving brain-work, which, after all, is no contemptible industry, and from which its followers have a right to obtain a fair living, to take care of itself, without protection. We protect our book makers from foreign competition, but book writers, without whom book makers could not be, are left to be the helpless and hopeless victims of that same competition, both on this and the other side of the water. Let us give brain labor the same chance that is accorded manual labor. It is quite as exhausting and quite as useful.

The Alcotts.

MISS ALCOTT was buried near her father, in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Concord, on Thursday of last week. Mr. John P. Alcott, the writer's little niece and adopted daughter, and members of the May family were present, together with a few intimate friends. The services included a touching tribute by the Rev. Dr. Bartol, and the reading of Miss Alcott's poem, 'Transfiguration.' To the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette's* centennial number, published a few years ago, the author of 'Little Women' contributed some reminiscences of the writing and selling of her first stories, one of which appeared in that paper in 1851. We extract a passage that may be profitably pondered to-day. Miss Alcott says that after a little experience, she was able to construct a story and write it out at short notice.

A dozen a month were easily turned off, and well paid for, especially while a certain editor labored under the delusion that the writer was a man. The moment the truth was known the price was lowered; but the girl had learned the worth of her wares, and would not write for less, so continued to earn her fair wages in spite of sex. And here it may not be out of place to give another hint to some of the many story-loving girls who read the *Gazette*, and perhaps write for it. Now that women have made a place for themselves in journalism and literature, it is wise for them to cultivate, not only their intellectual faculties, but their practical ones also and understand the business details of their craft. The ignorance and helplessness of women writers is amazing, and only disastrous

experience teaches them what they should have learned before. The brains that can earn money in this way can understand how to take care of it by a proper knowledge of contracts, copyrights, and the duties of publisher and author toward one another.

A few months ago Miss Alcott wrote the story of her girlhood for *The Youth's Companion*. It will be published immediately. It is said to be full of reminiscences of the Hawthornes, the Emersons and Channings, as well as of her own early life.

The last poem Mr. Alcott wrote before he was stricken with paralysis was this, on 'Immortality.' It was written the very day before the stroke that disabled him—that is, on October 23, 1882.

Welcome the tribute sometimes Fortune steals
From Youth's exchequer to enrich Old Age!
What ample pension freely forth she deals,
To gild with glory his gay equipage;
Whilst o'er Time's track slow roll his chariot wheels,
Then Heaven's gate enter. He, his heritage
Of Life receiving, breaks the sacred seals—
High privilege, sole given to saint and sage!
Life were but ashes, and one holocaust,
If no fair future welcomed from its goal,
No gate swung open to admit us: lost
Were all companionship, and blank the soul.
Ah! dead to all Life holds and knows its own,
If Youth survive not and uphold his throne.

Of his poetry the *Tribune* says:

Alcott's long life was productive almost to the very end. Until about five years ago he conversed with as much vigor and inspiration as ever, and his verse showed more power, as well as art, than in earlier days. Some of his latest sonnets are worthy of preservation. On the Emerson Memorial Day, July 22, 1882, he read his best piece of verse, 'Ion,' an eulogy upon his life-long friend, Emerson. It continues for us that tender strain bequeathed by Moschus's 'Lament for Bion,' Milton's 'Lycidas,' and Shelley's 'Adonais;' but it has a pathos and beauty all its own, and will probably remain his one permanent contribution to our poetical literature, faultless in tone and in art.

The Lounger

MISS DORA WHEELER stands a fair chance of being the Daniel Maclise of her country and generation. Maclise, it will be remembered, made a series of portrait-sketches of the eminent men- and women-of-letters of the early part of the century; and it will be remembered, also, that while the likenesses were good and the poses characteristic, there was more or less exaggeration about them. Harriet Martineau may have had a pet cat, but I doubt if it spent enough time upon her shoulder for even a lightning sketch of the couple to be made; but Maclise has pictured her with the cat quietly standing there. Miss Wheeler has undertaken her work in a more reverent spirit. Her portraits are painted in oils, and she has had the advantage of several 'sittings' from her subjects. It is her intention to paint a gallery of portraits of contemporary authors, and so far eight or ten of them are either finished or under way. They are half-lengths, life-size. Mr. Lowell appears in his Oxford red robes; Mr. Stockton is here, too—and it is the best portrait I have seen of him. There is a capital likeness of Charles Dudley Warner; and one of his neighbor, Mr. Clemens. The latter is not quite as successful as the others, as it gives the impression of a smaller-featured man. That of Mr. Aldrich, while it gives a much better idea of the man than any of his photographs, makes him look as if he were going to whistle. The canvases of John Burroughs and Walt Whitman are only in their first stages, but they are among the best; indeed, I think that the Burroughs is the best of all. The Mrs. Burnett is less good as a likeness than as a painting. Miss Wheeler is making this gallery for her own satisfaction, but it ought, when completed, to be owned by some public institution, where it might be seen by the public, for it will be of great value and interest to the next generation.

TYPOGRAPHICAL errors are like the poor: the world is never rid of them. The *Times* had a despatch from Elmira last week, noting the destruction by fire of Mme. Modjeska's Shakspearian dresses, and a number of priceless souvenirs. The name was spelt 'Madjeska' all through the paragraph. This was a typographical slip, of course; but the correspondent speaks of Mme. Modjeska's company as the 'Madjeska Opera Company;' and the editor in an interpolated line, calls her 'Miss Madjeska.' These are worse than typographical errors. The *Tribune* (which suffers

more than its share from slipshod proof-reading) refers to Milton's 'Lycidas' and Shelley's 'Adonais' as 'Lycidae' and 'Adonnis.' A month or two ago, one of the authors who condemned the Pearsall Smith copyright stamp scheme in *The North American Review's* 'symposium' on the subject, was made to say that the Copyright League 'approved' it, when he had written that it opposed it! The insertion of the negative in an important sentence, or its omission if it belongs there, is, however, the slip most galling to the writer—and the least excusable. 'Serpents' leathers' for 'surplised fathers' is nothing to it!

POE, TOO, like the poor, is always with us. This time he turns up in the *Atlanta Constitution*, in a letter from John Quincy Adams of Washington, Ga.—'a well-known citizen of Wilkes County'—who writes: 'While in Atlanta last summer, I made a sensation among a few friends by saying that in rather a strange, accidental way, I had come into possession of a strong box, full of printed and manuscript matter, relating, not only to the life and genius of Edgar A. Poe, but to other distinguished literary people of his day.' Among the persons to whom the secret was confided were the well-known Southern writers, Col. R. M. Johnston and Joel Chandler Harris. But let Mr. Adams speak for himself:

Thus far I have found time to take only a bird's-eye view at the box, which has been tossed about for thirty years, and which, though hidden away in a dark place, did not escape the ravages of Sherman's army. It makes me nervous to think of the good things the vandals may have stolen or destroyed. . . . Let it suffice, for the present, to say my box contains original letters, talks and criticisms by Edgar A. Poe—a new life of the poet by a Southern man, himself a great and distinguished scholar long since dead, whom Poe, in one of his letters now before me, styles 'my best and dearest friend on earth;' letters from Mrs. Clemm, the poet's mother-in-law, to this friend and biographer; letters from Mrs. Locke, N. P. Willis, Gilmore Sims, Prof. Bush, the great Hebrew scholar, Prof. Gierlow, a Danish scholar, and many other eminent people of forty years ago. But strangest of all, here are letters from Mrs. Elmira Shelton and Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman. A poem in manuscript by the latter on the death of the poet, is very beautiful. These letters and memoranda set at rest forever Poe's relation to these two charming women.

Mrs. Shelton, by the way, died at Richmond on the 12th of February.

THE *Constitution* (of which Mr. Harris is one of the editors) expresses a hope that 'Mr. Adams's discovery is all that he believes it to be,' and that it 'will place the poet before the world as he really was.' We share the hope, while doubting that any material modification of the present view of Poe is likely to be made at this late day—or that it would have been, even if the strong-box had not fallen into vandal hands, to the sad unstringing of its present owner's nerves.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON dedicated his last book of verse to the doctors who had been of service to him in many corners of the world; and now he is 'booming' the Adirondack Cottages for the Treatment of Pulmonary Disease—an establishment which he seems to think less known than it is. He is living almost within sight of the cottages; wherein, he declares, 'patients enjoy the advantages of this harsh but pure and antiseptic air, of pleasant lodging in fine scenery, of a generous diet, continual open air and carriage exercise (the barn expenses alone amounted for last year to \$600), and in cases of necessity, treatment in the pneumatic cabinet; all at the remarkable figure of \$5 a week—or less than a fourth of what is charged at the similar institution of Falkenstein, in Germany. It is plain these cottages are run at a loss, and the deficiency must be supplied among the rich and generous.'

The *Evening Post* prints a letter from Mr. Stevenson containing these details, and gladly confirms his statements; and as phthisis is a disease to which literary folk seem particularly liable, I am moved to call attention to the communication and its endorsement, and to quote the statistics with which the writer baits his disinterested hook:

Out of 51 patients treated in the last twelve months, 4 have been entirely cured, 23 have improved sufficiently to return to their friends and their employments, 12 have benefited slightly, and only 11 have been sent home as hopeless. And the period of exile need not in itself be disagreeable. I am sure it would interest any one to see the establishment: the cottages scattered about the main establishment upon a sheltered slope; the Saranac River winding underneath among woods; upon the further side a noble range of snow-clad Adirondacks rising against the sky and catching the colors of the sunset, and perhaps the big sleigh returning, in the sharp air of the afternoon, with its load of patients.

The fact that Mr. Stevenson lives and writes at Saranac Lake is in itself enough to advertise the place to all English-speaking people

(if, indeed, the President's annual holiday trip to the spot has not already made it sufficiently well-known).

THE VOICE of the press, which is in this case very clearly the voice of the people, has been raised in emphatic condemnation of the scheme to wrest from the poor of New York a large part of their chief breathing-ground, Central Park—the loveliest natural object in the city, and one of its most beautiful works of art. The proposition to convert to the purposes of a race-track a strip of land one hundred feet wide, extending from 59th to 110th Street along the west side of the Park, is about as cool a one as ever suggested itself to plethoric pocket-books. I suppose the Legislature will refuse to sanction it; but it illustrates very prettily the arrogance and pride of purse apt to be begotten in uncultivated minds by the ownership of fast horses.

The American Muses.

Lines written in Depression, on the fly-leaf of 'Poets of America,' by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

(Erinna, in *The St. James's Gazette*.)

MRS. ALLEN, Miss Perry, Miss Coolbrith, Miss Shinn,
Are 'natural singers' in 'several degrees,'
All worthy the heart of the Public to win;
And so is Miss Thaxter, who chants of the seas.

Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Spofford, Miss Larcom, Miss Cone,
Mrs. Bradley, Miss Bushnell, Miss Woolsey, Miss Bates,
With Miss Guiney, Miss Bloede—melodious moan
By the streams and the storm-beaten shores of the States!

Mrs. Fields, 'most objective' of these, is inclined
To a 'rhythmical method' no master can mock;
Mrs. Piatt, though 'often obscure,' is refined,
And Miss Phelps is 'a vine from a Puritan stock.'

Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Sangster, Miss Dietz, Miss de Vere,
They are ladies who sing in a silvery tone;
And, although they're not *very* much read over here,
We've no doubt they are poets as good as our own.

But oh, Mr. Stedman! consider again,
When your critical pages you're printing anew,
That four hundred and seventy you give to the Men,
While the Ladies are huddled together—in two!

The English Copyrights of Famous Books.

(*The Pall Mall Gazette*.)

THE alacrity with which publishers have pounced upon Carlyle's 'French Revolution' the moment it was out of copyright naturally suggests a query as to what other popular copyrights are running out, of which cheap editions may shortly be expected.

Taking the names in alphabetical order, and omitting those already figuring on sixpenny editions, we find that Charlotte Brontë's 'Shirley' runs out of copyright next year. Her best book, 'Jane Eyre,' went out of copyright last year, but the publishers of cheap reprints do not appear to have paid much attention to it. The comparatively small demand for Charlotte Brontë's works probably deterred them from the enterprise.

Of Carlyle's works all are now out of copyright by the lapse of the statutory term of seven years since the death of the author, except 'The Life of John Sterling,' which runs out in 1891, and 'Frederick the Great,' in 1902.

Mrs. Craik's copyrights of course have nearly all another seven years' lease of life, her death having taken place last year. 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' will not be free to the 'reprinters,' for another two years after the expiration of that period.

Of Charles Dickens's novels, 'Sketches by Boz,' 'Pickwick,' and 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Barnaby Rudge,' 'Dombey and Son,' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' and 'Oliver Twist,' are all out of copyright. 'David Copperfield,' will be out of copyright next year. 'Bleak House' has four years to run, 'Little Dorrit' nine years, 'A Tale of Two Cities' eleven years, 'Great Expectations' twelve years, 'Our Mutual Friend' sixteen years, and his very popular 'Child's History of England' has three years to run.

With the exception of 'Endymion' and 'Lothair,' all Lord Beaconsfield's novels exhaust their copyright on the 19th of April next. Whether the hearts of his admirers will be gladdened by an *embarras de richesse* of cheap popular editions remains to be seen. 'Endymion' has another thirty years to run, and 'Lothair' twenty-two years.

Although nearly eighteen years have passed since 'George Eliot' joined the majority, most of her books have still a long lease of life before them. Her translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*,

her earliest book, was out of copyright nearly two years ago. 'Adam Bede,' her first popular work of fiction, will be out of copyright next year, but 'The Mill on the Floss' has twelve years to run. 'Romola' fifteen years, 'Felix Holt' eighteen years, 'Middlemarch' twenty-four years, 'Daniel Deronda' twenty-eight years, and 'Theophrastus Such' thirty-one years. So that we are not likely to have 'George Eliot's' works in cheap sets for some years to come.

Charles Kingsley's 'Alton Locke' will be out of copyright next year, and 'Yeast' runs out this year. 'Hypatia' has five years to run. 'Westward Ho!' seven years. 'Two Years Ago' nine years, and 'Hereward' eighteen years.

Several of Thackeray's minor works are out of copyright. 'Vanity Fair' becomes legitimate prey this year, but the 'reprints' must wait another two years for 'Pendennis,' while 'Esmond' has four years' further protection from the literary vultures, 'Barry Lyndon' five years, 'The Newcomes' seven years, 'The Virginians' eleven years, and 'The Adventures of Philip' thirteen years.

Strange to say, there are copyrights still running in the works of Wordsworth and Montgomery. Wordsworth's 'Prelude' was not published till 1850, the year the poet died. Another two years must therefore elapse before Wordsworth's works can be said to be all out of copyright. Of Montgomery's works his 'Christian Psalmist' was published in 1852, and his 'Hymns' a year later, and the copyrights consequently run for another three and four years respectively.

Therefore this year, in addition to the shower of Carlyle, we may expect to be flooded by the Primrose League with penny editions of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, having by way of set-off Kingsley's 'Yeast' and Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair'; and next year 'David Copperfield,' 'Adam Bede,' and 'Alton Locke,' become public property.

Works on Volapük.

THE following bibliography of the most important works on Volapük is issued by C. N. Caspar, bookseller, importer and publisher, of Milwaukee, Wis. It is approximately complete.

WORKS FOR LEARNING VOLAPÜK.

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Huebsch, S. Volapük; a guide for learning the universal language. New York 1887. 160, 48 pp. cloth 45c, paper 30c.

Linderfelt, K. A., Librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library.

Volapük; an easy Method of Acquiring the Universal Language constructed by J. M. Schleyer, prepared for the English-speaking Public, with Key to the Exercises and Vocabulary. Second Edition, Milwaukee 1888. 160, 136 pages, paper 50c, cloth 75c.

Milne. Grammar of Volapük for Englishmen. 40c.

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NOTE.—Is not according to the decisions of the last Volapük congress and is written in very queer and faulty English.

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Bernhaupt, Jos. Uebungsbuch, sammt Sprachlehre und Wörterbuch in 5 Sprachen. (Volapük, Deutsch, Englisch, Französisch, Italienisch), zur Erlernung der Weltsprache. Ueberlingen 1886. cart \$1.05, brosch. 90c.

Colling, A. Volapükatid; Weltsprache-Unterricht in 2 Kursen, nebst Schlüssel und Wörterbuch. Ludwigshafen 1887. \$1.55.

—Schlüsselz Vollapükatid; Uebersetzung der Uebungsaufgaben des 2. Kurs. des Weltsprache-Unterricht. Ludwigshafen 1887. 45c.

Einstein, L. Der kleine Weltsprache-Komptoirist. Nürnberg 1887. Fieweger, J. Zehn Unterrichtsbücher für das Selbststudium der Schleyer'schen Weltsprache. Breslau 1887. \$2.00.

Heine, N. Volapük mit einem Wörterbuche, einer Sammlung von Gesprächen, Uebungsaufgaben, Briefen, u. s. w. Bielefeld 1887. geb. 55c.

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Iwanowitsch, J. Die Weltsprache Volapük in drei Lectionen. Leipzig 1887. 20c.

Kerckhoffs, Aug. Wörterbuch, Deutsch-Volapük und Volapük-Deutsch. Paris 1887. \$2.00.

- Kirchhoff, Alfred. Volapük; Hilfsbuch zum schnellen und leichten Erlernen der Anfangsgründe dieser Weltsprache. Nebst Schlüssel zu den Uebungsbeispielen. 4. Aufl. Halle 1888. cart. 40c.
- Kniele, R. Deutsch-weltsprachliche Handelscorrespondenz; 200 kaufmännische Briefe in 16 verschiedenen Gattungen. Ueberlingen 1887. 70c.
- Lott, J. Schleyer's Volapük; Uebungsbuch zum schnellen Erlernen dieser internationalen Verkehrssprache. Wien 1887. 25c.
- Obhlidal, M. Unterrichtsbriefe zur Erlernung der Weltsprache Volapük. Wien 1887. 40c.
- und R. Poeschl. Sammlung deutsch-weltsprachlicher Wörter und Gespräche als Fortbildungsmittel im Studium des Volapük. Wien 1887. brosch. 75c.
- Pflaumer, W. Internationale Handelssprache; Vollständiger Lehrgang des Volapük, nebst Schlüssel u. Wörterbuch nach Prof. Kerckhoffs' Cours complet de Volapük. Halle 1887. 75c.
- Schleyer, J. M. Mittlere Grammatik der Universal-Sprache Volapük. 8. Aufl. Konstanz 1887. brosch. 55c. cart. 70. Lwdbd. 90c.
- Grösseres Wörterbuch der Weltsprache. Konstanz 1887. brosch. \$1.50. Lwdbd. \$1.85.
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- Schneid, Aug. Vereinfachtes Volapük; Praktischer Leitfaden für den Selbst-Unterricht. Brünn 1887. 30c.
- Schnepper, H. Volapük in zwei Lehrstufen. Vollständiges Lehr- und Uebungsbuch zum Erlernen der Weltsprache. 3. Aufl. München 1887. 55c.
- Uebersetzung der Uebungsbeispielen. München 1888. 15c.
- Schridde, O. Praktisch-kritischer Volapük-Trichter. Brünn 1887. 40c.
- Toussaint, A. Volapük; Die neue Weltsprache Schleyer's mit Uebungsstücken und Wörterbuch. 5. Aufl. Berlin 1887. 40c.
- Walther, E. Die internationale Handels- und Verkehrssprache Volapük für Salon und Comptoir. In acht Lektionen, nebst Schlüssel. Ansbach 1887. 35c.
- In French.
- Kerckhoffs, Aug. Cours complet de Volapük, contenant des thèmes et des versions avec corrigés et un vocabulaire de 2500 mots. 8. ed. Paris 1887. \$1.20.
- Dictionnaire Volapük-Français et Français-Volapük. Paris. \$2.00.
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- Premiers éléments de Volapük. 45. ed. Paris 1887. 10c.
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- Aaen, J. C. Fuldständig Lærebog i Volapük (Danish.) Paris 1888.
- Kortfattet Verdenssproggrammatik. (Danish.) Paris 1887.
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- Amoretti, V. Volapük; grammatica e lessicologia (Italian.) Turin 1887.
- Bakalárz, J. M. Mluvnice svetomlvy Volapük. (Bohemian.) Prague 1887.
- Cardelli, Grammatica compendiata di Volapük. (Italian.) Paris 1887. 35c.
- Da Silva Teixeira. Methodo pratico de Volapük. (Portuguese.) Paris. 65c.
- Frösta grunderna till Volapük. (Swedish.) Stockholm 1886. 25c.
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- Hansen, W. Kortfattet Lærebog i Volapük. (Danish.) Copenhagen 1887.
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- Liedbeck, F. Fullständig lärokurs i Volapük. (Swedish.) Stockholm 1887. 65c.
- Renier. Grondbeginselen von Volapük. (Dutch.) 10c.
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- Schnepper, H. Weltsprache-Ideen und deren Verwirklichung; Vortrag. München 1887.
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Current Criticism

THE ANATOMY OF PLAGIARISM.—While the company of scribblers at the Authors' Club on New Year's Eve was dividing itself into comfortable groups, Frank Stockton and George Cary Eggleston might have been observed with their heads together in a snug corner of the room. Stockton and Eggleston are old chums, their intimacy dating from those good *Hearth and Home* days. The subject of the chat which the two men had together on this occasion was curious enough to warrant the reference now made to it with Mr. Eggleston's consent. Some time ago Mr. Eggleston hit upon a theme for a story. The theme was suggested by a purely personal mental experience, and fascinated him at once by its obvious adaptability to fanciful treatment. But the more he thought over it the deeper became his conviction that only Frank Stockton could do justice to the subject. 'That theme,' said Mr. Eggleston to his brother, when the latter urged him to write the story, 'requires the Stocktonian touch.' Meeting Stockton at the club, Eggleston described the plot in outline and found an interested listener. 'Capital!' exclaimed Stockton. 'That is really a strong thing.' Then, after a reflective moment, 'How would you treat that idea?' Eggleston now gave so much of the detail as had occurred to him in considering the theme. 'Fine!' ejaculated Stockton, 'a very good idea—so good that I have already used it.' 'What do you mean?' asked Eggleston. 'I mean,' said Stockton, 'that I have written that story, and that by this time it is in type.' A further comparison of notes revealed the fact that the story which Eggleston had thought out and the story which Stockton had already written were, even to the details, astonishingly identical.

cal. The next writer on the anatomy of plagiarism may find an instructive suggestion in this episode.—*Brooklyn Daily Times*.

BOOKS THAT ARE READ.—It was the public of Bunyan's day that made the success of his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a concoction of the most obvious and homely allegory, but still a real book—that, is, a real man speaking to man on a subject that possessed him, body and soul. The author of 'The Wide, Wide World' committed almost every literary offence, but millions of readers have read her story for the sake of the good that is in some of its characters. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' owed some of its fame to the timeliness of its appearance, but that would not have sufficed had it not advocated the cause of justice against oppression and showed through all its errors of fact and taste the warmth of a real human heart. The most widely read American author to-day is the Rev. E. P. Roe, each of whose numerous works sells by the hundred thousand. Mr. Roe has many faults of style, art and characterization, but in all his books is illustrated the fundamental idea that it is worth while to do right, and that in the long run the powers of good are stronger than the powers of evil. Any one can say this, but Mr. Roe believes it, and he makes his conviction felt. Dickens expressed the same conviction, and along with it he possessed wonderful vividness in observation and portrayal of character and a singular comic humor, so that his innumerable readers were always smiling through their tears, and laid down his books with the feeling that, in this life, clouds were for a day, but sunshine was forever. Bret Harte had some of Dickens's traits, but so modified as scarcely to compromise his originality. He showed the good that may underlie an unpromising exterior, and he gave human life novel and striking embodiments and environment.—*Julian Hawthorne, in the World*.

LOVES OF THE POETS.—Love, according to the Latin Delectus (which, like Angelica, 'is always right'), is 'a strange thing.' Poets differ about it, and Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Alfred Austin have been differing. It began with Mr. Arnold, who, in a diverting review of Professor Dowden's 'Life of Shelley,' spoke his mind about Shelley's flirtations. 'What a set, what a world!' cried Mr. Arnold, thinking of Godwin, thinking of Miss Claremont, of Byron, of Emilia Viviani, of all the Harriet and Mary problems. Mr. Alfred Austin is not satisfied. He thinks that Mr. Arnold has become a Philistine, or that the Delilah of respectability has cut the locks of the critical Samson. . . . As to the 'world' and 'set' he lived in, Mr. Austin asks if they were not better company than the Oriel dons, than those about Wordsworth? Well, no doubt an afternoon in a gondola with Shelley and Byron would have been more pleasant than taking tea and sonnets with W. W. No doubt Miss Claremont was prettier and more attractive than Dorothy Wordsworth. But pretty and attractive ladies do not redeem the quality of a set. When a man had stayed a week in Shelley's world, he would have had a row with Trelawny, he would have backed Godwin's worthless paper, lent money to Leigh Hunt, would have been bored by Polidori, would have got into an entanglement with Jane or Claire or one of the odalisques of the moment, and would have been as nearly starved as Scott at Rydal. Wordsworth's set were a better set, after all.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes.

MR. WALTER BESANT, the popular novelist, declares that to move his readers, the fiction-writer must be moved himself. He says that this is an almost self-evident truth, and that its recognition is as old as Horace. As there are two sides to every question, however, THE CRITIC has obtained the opinions of a number of well-known fiction-writers on this subject, and will print the result in its issue of March 24.

—Miss Amélie Rives will contribute her first novel, 'The Quick or the Dead?' to *Lippincott's* for April. A portrait of the author and a sketch of her by an intimate friend will accompany it.

—May 1 has been fixed upon as the date of publication of Mr. Donnelly's Bacon-Shakespeare book, 'The Great Cryptogram.' Messrs. R. S. Peale & Co. of Chicago, the publishers, announce that it will contain nearly 1000 pages, and that it will surprise those who have condemned it in advance. The best way for the author to do this would be to announce his conversion from the fallacy he has undertaken to maintain.

—Mr. Stoddard's biographical sketch of Miss Edith M. Thomas in the March *Book Buyer* (accompanied by an excellent portrait) is necessarily brief, though full enough and sympathetically written. Her father was a school-teacher (as was also the daughter, in later years); but at the time of his death, about 1861, the family were living on a farm in Ohio. Two years afterwards they moved

to Geneva, O. There, in December last (though we do not find it so stated in this article), a great calamity befell Miss Thomas, in the death of her invalid mother, to whom her last book, 'Lyrics and Sonnets,' was dedicated. In February the poet and her younger sister came to New York, with the intention of making this city their home.

—Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the chief authority in England on Shakspearian subjects, puts a damper on the Stratford-on-Avon discovery of MSS. He declares that he examined the documents in question some time ago, and found they contained nothing of interest.

—Sidney Luska is fortunate. His novel 'Mrs. Peixada,' published by Cassell & Co., has not only received the compliment of translation into French, but the author is to be well paid by the Paris publisher. The translator is the Countess Dillon, 'a daughter of that Lord Graham who became famous through his championship in England of the cause of Louis Napoleon.' The story will run as a serial in the *Journal des Débats*, and then be issued in book-form.

—Dr. Abram Coles has received many congratulatory letters in reference to his recent 'Psalms in English Verse,' including one from the Archbishop of Canterbury and one from the Archbishop of York.

—Renan's 'History of the People of Israel,' recently reviewed in these columns, will be published at once by Roberts Bros.

—The *Globe* seems to have made a leap into popular favor in Boston similar to that of the *World* in New York. Its average circulation in February lacked but nine copies of being 133,000. It keeps an eye open on the literary field, and says editorially, in a recent number, that 'as an index to current literature THE CRITIC is of priceless value.'

—James Whitcomb Riley will be sketched, with pen and pencil, in the next *Book-Buyer*.

—Messrs. Scribner's latest announcements include 'Early Days of Mormonism,' by J. H. Kennedy, with a portrait of Joseph Smith; 'Society in Rome under the Cæsars;' and 'What is the Bible?' by Prof. Geo. T. Ladd. A London house has bought a large edition of 'The Tailor-made Girl.'

—Mrs. Procter, widow of 'Barry Cornwall' and mother of Adelaide Procter, is dead. She was eighty-eight years old, yet until the illness which caused her death set in, she attended parties and dinners, and keenly enjoyed the gayeties of London social life.

—Each of the ten children as well as the widow of the late A. S. Barnes, the school-book publisher, receives \$50,000 by the terms of the will offered for probate in Brooklyn last week. Five brothers and sisters, nine nieces and thirty grandchildren receive \$1000 each. The charitable bequests amount to \$50,000 to be divided between various institutions.

—Mrs. H. W. Beecher, having seen the biography of her husband well off the press, has gone South for a few weeks' rest. She may congratulate herself upon having gone just in the nick of time, for she has escaped some very bad weather.

—Two free public lectures will be delivered by Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler at Columbia College on Saturday mornings, March 17 and 24. The first will be on 'The Progress of Public Education,' the second on 'The Argument for Manual Training.' Mr. Butler is a graduate of Columbia, and a late instructor in the College. At present he is in charge of the schools of the Industrial Education Association.

—Gen. David Hunter Strother, who made a reputation years ago by his papers on the South, illustrated by himself and printed in *Harper's Monthly* over the signature 'Porte Crayon,' died at Charleston, W. Virginia, on Thursday of last week. He was born in Martinsburg, Va., in 1816. He studied art in Philadelphia, New York and Rome, and was a pupil at one time of the late Prof. S. F. B. Morse. His popular 'Porte Crayon' sketches began to appear in 1853, and were afterwards published in book form under the title of 'Virginia Illustrated.' When the War broke out, his convictions made a Unionist of him. He organized and equipped at his own expense a company of his Virginia townsmen, but when the decisive moment came they joined the Confederacy, and 'Porte Crayon' hurried off by night to Washington. He was placed on Gen. McClellan's staff, and upon that commander's departure for the James River went with Gen. Pope, and later accompanied Gen. Banks to New Orleans and on the Red River expedition. Afterwards he became Chief of Staff to his cousin, Gen. David Hunter. In 1877 he was appointed Consul General to Mexico by President Hayes, but returned to Charleston in 1884. He was twice married and had two children, one the wife of John Brisbane Walker of Denver, Col., and the other a son of 17 years. He is described as

a venerable looking man, with huge white whiskers and mustache covering all the lower part of his face, and quiet, almost dreamy, eyes looking out from under a noble forehead. His disposition was genial, but modest and retiring. A year and a half ago, when he celebrated his seventieth birthday, he said to a friend: 'I weigh 160 pounds in my summer toggery, walk my five miles without fatigue, and am not conscious of any pains, aches or discomforts whatsoever.'

—The aged sister of Berthold Auerbach, says *The Athenæum* of March 3, whose name (Jeannette) is so often mentioned in his letters and upon whose literary judgment he laid much weight, has just started upon a voyage to America to visit her children. She is in her seventy-ninth year.

—The late Emperor William has found a biographer in Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war-correspondent, whose life of the veteran ruler (held back for several weeks in anticipation of the sad event of last Friday) is now issued by Cassell & Co. The Messrs. Harper have also printed 'The Life of William I.' as an 'extra' in their Franklin Square Library. It is a paper-covered affair, similar in size and appearance to the *Weekly*, and profusely illustrated with full-page and smaller woodcuts, including portraits of the Emperor at various periods of his life.

—An English edition of *Babyhood*, the reviews devoted to infant hygiene, will be begun with the April number, the magazine being issued simultaneously in London and New York.

—The old Harper house in Brooklyn, built in 1834 by Joseph W. Harper, one of the original 'Brothers,' was very nearly destroyed by fire a few nights ago. There are no Harpers living in it now, but family memories cling around it. It cost \$20,000 when it was built, and it was one of the show places of Brooklyn, though it was then at some distance from the heart of the city. When the Harpers left it, in 1877, they considered it too central to be desirable as a place of residence.

—Mr. Dickens gave his last readings from his father's works in New York on Friday afternoon and evening of last week. He is now on his way to San Francisco, to fulfill a professional engagement.

—Lee & Shepard's latest announcements include 'Chips from a Teacher's Workshop; or, Educational Topics of the Day,' by S. R. Klemm; 'The Flower People,' by Mrs. Horace Mann; 'Religious Duty,' by Frances Power Cobbe; and new editions of Miss Cobbe's 'Broken Lights,' Jane Andrews's 'Seven Little Sisters,' and 'The Three Mrs. Judsons,' successive wives of a famous missionary to Burmah. The house issues several illustrated hymns and other books appropriate to the Easter season.

—It is said that at the performance of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' by Mr. Mansfield in Chicago on Wednesday of last week, the crowd of spectators was so large that the orchestra was forced upon the stage. A new version of the story was successfully produced at Niblo's Garden on Tuesday night by Herr Bandmann.

—For the purpose of creating and fostering among children too young to be admitted to the public libraries a taste for wholesome reading, and to establish in New York and elsewhere reading-rooms and libraries at which children may be supplied with books and serials, and to secure the delivery of addresses, the publication of articles, the co-operation of schools, teachers, and parents for promoting better reading among children, the Children's Library Association was incorporated in Albany last Friday, with the following Trustees: Jerome Allen, Nicholas Murray Butler, Walter Carter, Edward L. Chichester, Melvil Dewey, Helena Flint, Emily S. Hanaway, F. De Sola Mendes, Nathaniel Niles, Jacob H. Schuff, C. Sprague Smith, Edgar Vanderbilt, and Annie H. Westervelt.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton has opened an up-town branch of his old book business at No. 1152 Broadway (Victoria Hotel), and will in future keep in stock the latest French books, including works of fiction. Mr. Bouton offers for sale proof copies of his business card, representing a bibliomaniac seated in his library and (figuratively) devouring a folio. It was etched by Cruikshank in 1871, when the veteran illustrator was seventy-nine years of age, and is a very clever bit of work.

—From the sale of an album containing sketches, photographs and autographs collected by Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, with a view to aiding the suffering women and children of Paris after the Franco-Prussian war, a net sum of \$4000 was 'realized.' This was given in 1874 to the French Academy, on condition that every four years, when the interest should reach \$1000, that amount should be awarded to the author of the best work on the condition of women. No competitor for the prize has appeared this year, and the Academy has obtained the consent of Mrs. Botta to place the fund in their hands to use in the interest of literature. M. Camille Doucet, the permanent secretary, writes that the prize will alternate trien-

nially with two prizes, similar in amount, established respectively by M. Thiers and M. Guizot.

—The Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, S.T.D., Rector of Grace Church, Baldwinsville, N. Y., has been engaged for years on a work upon the 'Antiquities of Onondaga.' It is planned to fill four octavo volumes, the first three of which consist of 1740 pages of manuscript and several hundred drawings. Thousands of relics (chiefly Indian) are described and referred to their exact sites. Mr. Beauchamp is, naturally enough, a member of the new American Folk-Lore Society.

—The American School at Athens have obtained permission from the Greek Government to make excavations at Kephissia, where the discovery of a long-lost temple may be their reward.

—Of the French and English societies of authors, the London *Standard* says:—'The Société des Gens de Lettres has to a large extent succeeded in doing what the Incorporated Society of Authors only hopes to do. It has not abolished publishers, but (thanks partly to the favorable provisions of the French Code) it does manage to keep sharp practice so much within bounds, that a moderately successful French writer seems to find no difficulty in making a good deal of money by his works. It may be doubted whether the real interests of Art and Letters are the better served because an author can dine like a Wall Street millionaire, as the elder Dumas did, or live in a palace like M. Sardou, or collect costly bric-à-brac and pictures like the author of "La Dame aux Camélias," or count his income by the huge figures which must represent that of M. Ohnet. However, the ideal of the Incorporated Authors is that the really successful man-of-letters should make as much money as a cotton king or a lucky Stock Exchange operator; and in France it seems to be almost realized now and again.'

—Mr. Saco H. De Beer, editor and publisher of *De Portefeuille*, of Amsterdam, writes to us to say that the first announcement of the new review, *Quatuor* (of which also he is the editor), appeared in the columns of THE CRITIC. Its first subscriber was in California, and its second in Bengal.

—The new rules concerning the use of Indian languages in schools are less rigid than those to which exception has been taken in these columns and elsewhere. Their provisions are as follows:

No text-books in the vernacular will be allowed in any school where children are placed under contract, or where the Government contributes, in any manner whatever, to the support of the school; no oral instruction in the vernacular will be allowed at such schools. The entire curriculum must be in the English Language.

The vernacular may be used in missionary schools, only for oral instruction in morals and religion, where it is deemed to be an auxiliary to the English language in conveying such instruction; and only native Indian teachers will be permitted to otherwise teach in any Indian vernacular; and those native teachers will only be allowed so to teach in schools not supported in whole or in part by the Government and at remote points, where there are no Government or contract schools where the English language is taught. These native teachers are only allowed to teach in the vernacular with a view of reaching those Indians who cannot have the advantages of instruction in English, and such instruction must give way to the English-teaching schools as soon as they are established where the Indians can have access to them.

A limited theological class of Indian young men may be trained in the vernacular at any purely missionary school, supported exclusively by missionary societies, the object being to prepare them for the ministry, whose subsequent work shall be confined to preaching unless they are employed as teachers in remote settlements where English schools are inaccessible.

These rules are not intended to prevent the possession or use by any Indian of the Bible published in the vernacular, but such possession or use shall not interfere with the teaching of the English language to the extent and in the manner hereinbefore directed.

Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Blades, W. The Enemies of Books. \$1.25.....	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Cable, G. W. Bonaventure. \$1.25.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Carhart, D. Plane Surveying. \$2.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Chambers's Encyclopedia. Vol. I. \$3.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Dante. The Inferno. Tr. by H. F. Carey.....	Scribner & Welford.
Evelyn, John. Life of Mrs. Godolphin. \$2.50.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Goldsmith, O. Vicar of Wakefield. 40c.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hyde, Mary F. Use of English. 40c.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Inge, W. R. Society in Rome Under the Caesars. \$1.25.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Lessing. Laoköon. Tr. by E. E. Beasley.....	Scribner & Welford.
Martin, E. S. A Little Brother of the Rich. \$1.....	Mitchell & Miller.
Olyphant, Mrs. Makers of Venice. \$3.....	Macmillan & Co.
Price, E. B. The Major's Love. 50c.....	Phila.: T. F. Peterson & Bro.
Reynolds, J. Seven Discourses on Art. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Richardson, Chas. Large Fortunes. 75c.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Schiller. Mary Stuart. Tr. by J. Mellich. Maid of Orleans. Tr. by A. Swanick.....	Scribner & Welford.
Smith, May Riley. The Inn of Rest.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Toussie, A. W. Black Ice. \$1.25.....	Fords, Howard & Hulbert.